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# HOW LLOYD GEORGE WEATHERS STORM OF STATE

## Extraordinary Personality Alone Keeps Premier in Power

Many Impressive Idols in Other Countries Have Fallen in Last Five Years, but Great Britain's Prime Minister by Sheer Force and Adroitness Remains Europe's Dominating Figure—Intimate Pen Picture of Welsh Schoolmaster's Son, Who Has Risen to Play Longer at the World's Strings of Destiny Than Any Man Since Napoleon

By JOHN M'HUGH STUART.

Special Correspondence to THE NEW YORK HERALD.  
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SINCE 1916 four of the world's greatest empires have crashed into the dust—Germany, Turkey, Austria, and Russia. In the old days rumors of political trouble in any one of them would have sent Cabinets trembling and falling throughout Europe.

Since 1916 there have been, through these epic events, no less than nine hands at the helm of Germany's ship of state; France has had six; there have been six Prime Ministers in Italy.

Since 1916 the United States rose to the position of a real world power; and a great world figure, Wilson, loomed—and fell.

Who can tell of the other great figures that have loomed and faded or fallen in the mists of this maelstrom? A Foch, a Haig, a Tirpitz, a Hindenburg, a Clemenceau—but where are they now? And who can say who was Prime Minister of France at a half dozen periods of this time? Who was the big figure at one moment or another outside of the British Empire?

But within the British Empire, in the sphere of world affairs where Britain plays her powerful role, throughout the world where there has been question of Britain through these years—and where in the world has there not been question of the far flung English line?—throughout all that space and all that time there has been one name synonymous with Britain's voice and Britain's action.

Lloyd George!

### Preeminently a Leading Figure In These Heroic Times

He stands to-day preeminently the leading figure of these heroic times. Some bless him and some curse him; some call him a mere slick politician, and some say his brow is laurelled with achievements that will not fade down the centuries; some say he accomplished much and some assert that however much he accomplished he has missed the greatest opportunities ever given to man; some say he is a great influence for good, and some say he has wrought uncounted evil. But whatever men say about him, they say that he has done and that he is still doing.

And that, perhaps, is the keynote of David Lloyd George's character.

Since 1916 Great Britain has done nothing without him. She has won a great world war; she has dominated the councils of a peace more far reaching than any settlement in history; she has revamped her own constitution, her own social and economic system, her military, naval and financial structure; she stands to-day in a fair way to settle her own worst internal problem in Ireland; she contemplates participation in a conference at Washington which may be more important to the future of the world in settling at the world's new centre of gravity in the Pacific a larger and more difficult difference among men, the difference in race, than any difference that arose through the Armageddon of the white races.

And amid all these great affairs there is only one name mentioned when it is a question of the voice of Britain. No Briton can tell you of any one he would now put in Lloyd George's place, no matter how cordially he may detest the little, sometimes almost comic, figure of the Welsh nonconformist schoolmaster's son who has risen to play more powerfully and at

greater length with the strings of the world's destinies than any man since Napoleon.

But the object of this article is not to discuss the history of the years just passed or those just to come, nor to argue British or world politics, nor to take sides even on the public character of Lloyd George, nor to allocate to him his place in history. Certainly every American knows his public character, and from his public character can draw his own conclusions as to what sort of statesman he is. But few persons in America, few in England indeed, know what manner of man he is stripped of the ermine, or rather the top hat, of office.

### Stands Only 5 Feet 6½.

#### But Is Fit to the Minute

Well, he is five feet six and a half inches high and he weighs in the neighborhood of 148 pounds of pretty fit flesh. He wears a size 7½ hat and a 15½ collar. He is one of the best dressed men in England, incidentally, and he moves with a quick and easy vigor that marks him as a man of action despite his looming brow and the reflective expression his bright brown eyes frequently assume. He has no mannerisms to speak of, unless it be his legs, and legs are probably not a mannerism.

The cartoonist can eliminate his rather long hair, his eyes, his mustache, his hands—none of these alone would spell Lloyd George. But the legs do. They are unique in all the world, the way Lloyd George uses them. His enemies say their shortness, their decided inward bend at the knees and their relative insignificance beneath his fine head and torso reveal the weakness of the man's character. All his enemies say with great originality that his character has a weakness. But assertion of the weakness implies certain premises as to the character, and they base their premises as to the character on Mr. Lloyd George's decorative upper part. They might just as well describe the horn as the defect on the nose of the pivo-kepas.

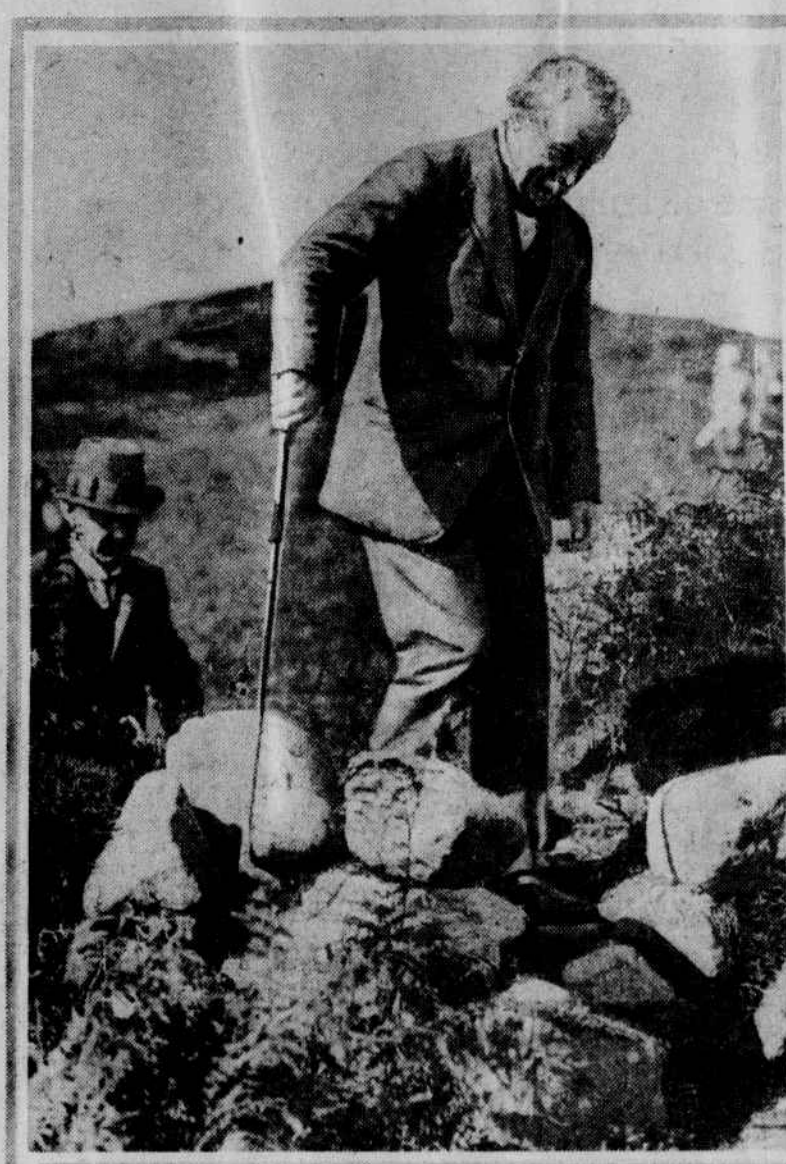
Lloyd George's legs are not unlike the legs of a slightly scissor hocked burro. No one who knows anything about a burro would call its legs indicative of a defect in the burro's character. No less an authority on the burro than the Dictionary of Zoology remarks that "the burro is particularly valuable for its sure footedness in difficult places." His legs, like the burro's, are highly indicative of one of the most valuable points in Mr. Lloyd George's character, ornamental only to those who know their inner usefulness.

But, consonant with the whole character though the legs may be, with them Mr. Lloyd George's characteristic resemblance to the burro ceases. Upon these agile, useful, always incased in carefully creased trousers foundations rises the comfortable paunch of a middle aged man who enjoys but does not abuse the good things of life, the broad chest and easily squared shoulders of a man perfectly at ease before men, the taut neck and well modelled chin of one given to decision, the clean, firm, but expressively mobile mouth beneath its white shadow of a mustache, the solid, well shaped nose, the big, broad brow and the eyes.

### Importance of Two Features

#### In Considering the Man

And if Mr. Lloyd George's legs tell the tale of one element in his character—sure footed agility—the eyes tell the tale of another, its coequal in importance. They are rather large eyes, bright in color, but one forgets whether they are brown or blue, for they sparkle with the ingenuous merriment of blue and they shadow with the deeper emotions more capably reflected in brown. They are in fact like the eyes of a great actor in their ability to reflect the whole gamut of human emotions; but they are unlike the eyes of a histrion in two ways: they are highly perceptive as



Ardent golfer as well as keen politician, Lloyd George finds this lie of the ball almost as hard a problem as the Irish question or unemployment or budgets.

well as expressive organs, and they reflect their own, not vicarious feelings.

Take, then, these two characteristics, the agile ability to put himself in any place and in any one else's place, and his capacity to perceive and to feel; add to them the capacity to select and arrange by intellectual processes the infinite number of impressions thus gained plus equal ability to express the result in a manner to impress and to move other persons—and you have the main structure of the personal mechanism that is Lloyd George. It is an outline which accords with his history and with his present performance, which is confirmed by every personal contact with the man.

### Accustomed to Penury

#### For Most of His Life

His history is briefly this. He was born fifty-eight years ago in one of the least savory districts of dirty, busy Manchester. His father was a schoolmaster in the little, struggling Unitarian church school. But even the moral and intellectual parenthood of a hard driven, half starved free church schoolmaster was soon taken away from the young David. His father did not live within the child's memory and his first recollections rise from a village cobbler's shop in Carnarvon, whither his widowed mother moved with her brood to keep house for the village cobbler, her brother-in-law. The Prime Minister has himself recounted how that mother saved and

struggled to hold from the frugal expenses of the household sixpence a week for her boy.

But out of that hard existence she and he contrived a good general schooling for him. His charm of personality and his oratorical ability soon developed and he was not long past his majority when he had seized for himself a seat in Parliament and the opportunity to study law in a garret shared with a brother Welsh youngster in Lincoln's Inn. There was penury then and there has been something akin to penury in Lloyd George's life throughout until Andrew Carnegie bequeathed him an annuity of \$10,000 a year.

Yet from that time, 1890, when he came to Westminster, he has never gone back. There were fifteen long years of law practice during which he said his partner was richer than he only because the expenses of a lawyer who was also a Member of Parliament, then without salary, were greater than the expenses of a lawyer who was not. And it was only in 1905 that he succeeded at the end of the long Tory regime in securing the salaried office as President of the Board of Trade, to which his talents and his yeoman service to the Liberal party in Parliament entitled him.

Three years later he moved up to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and with the beginning of his historic fight to reform the budget began his really controlling influence in the direction of the affairs of his country. And it was a controlling



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

influence that from that time to this has been exerted to the liberalization of no less a human institution than the British constitution.

People, especially Asquithian Liberals, accuse Lloyd George of having abandoned Liberalism. They say the Tory party has swallowed him. But what would the Tories of Disraeli's day have said of his declaration two months ago to the Prime Ministers of the Dominions that "the Empire is now running Downing Street, not Downing Street the Empire?"

And what would the Unionists who wrecked the giant Gladstone have said to the letters he wrote De Valera but yesterday?

The Tory party says he has wrecked the British constitution. But the Tory party has not yet pulled the Coalition from beneath Lloyd George. And the Asquithian Liberals are denominated not only "free" but with literal truth "wee." They are but a handful.

### Often Is Cursed Roundly.

#### But No Successor Is Found

In the service clubs, in the Morning Post, in some of the "stately homes of England," in places where tradition lies in thick, beautiful layers of moss, they curse him roundly, but impotently. For when they look for a man to take his place—they have to look at Lloyd George. They—both Liberals and Tories—say he has no principles, that his feeble legs are set upon no foundation of rock as are they, the Asquithian Liberals, on free trade and the Tories on the sacrosanct superhumanity of the county families and the public schools.

But whether it be a Liberal or a Tory politician who scans the horizon for a new mountain from which the principles of either party may be preached to the salvation of the British constitution and the return of the gazer's own particular brand of politician to power, he is pretty sure to find that other more keenly perceiving eyes have already discovered the new Sinai, more agile legs, unbecomingly bur-

shaped, have already scrambled up and all about its craggy sides and a complete organization is spreading the doctrine shrewdly among the people.

Aside from Lloyd George's shrewd will- ingness to avail of agility as one of his best assets, there is another theory as to his political development. The travail and the suffering and the meanness implied in those household efforts to get him his first sixpence have left in him an indelible and controlling impression that the influence of the mass of men ought to be exerted on the side of the under half of the mass. Certainly this dictated his course up to the time of the war.

He gave up the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to become Minister of Munitions, and it was he with his kinetic personality that got the guns and the shells for lack of which Kitchener's army fell like flies. He got them from the great munitions makers with a bludgeon, a bludgeon of sentiment, it is true, but a bludgeon nevertheless. He got them from the workers with a bribe and a soft word.

And now he is witnessing the natural reaction. He is seeing that the bribe and the soft word sometimes spoil the general run of men and women and children. He is seeing, in all probability, the sinister result of giving to unthinking people under the stress of necessity more than they actually earn. He saw the same thing when he attacked "the dukes" and the privileged classes, who got more than they earned in the old days of his fiery apostleship of Liberalism.

### Secret of His Success

#### Seems to Be His Democracy

What is the secret of his success? Perhaps it may be platonically summed up by saying that he is essentially a democrat. Springing from the people himself, he has infinite confidence in men who have done the same, but, more important still, he has learned the invaluable lesson of contact with all sorts of men. Humble men he has known for years.

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GENTLEMEN—LET US BE FIRM—FOR THE SAKE OF DEMOCRACY AND THE WOMEN & CHILDREN—THE DAMAGE MUST BE REPAIRED AND VIRTUE EMERGE TRIUMPHANT. NO QUESTIONS!  
CARTOONS BY DAVID LOW IN "THE STAR" LONDON.

"A chapeaugraphic speech. (The collection of queer hats appears to be one of Lid-George's hobbies.)"—The artist's own caption on his clever caricature.